

Ellis Gardner

Songs OF THE Yellowstone Park Camps

Yellowst
F
722,9
. A1
no. 344
copy 3



ON UNCLE TOM'S TRAIL ~ ~ YELLOWSTONE



*Chittenden Bridge
near Canyon Lodge*



A hold-up Bear



*Jupiter Terrace
at Mammoth*

Songs of the Yellowstone Park Camps



Published by
**THE YELLOWSTONE PARK
LODGE AND CAMPS CO.**
Yellowstone Park, Wyo.

IF YOU FEEL LIKE SIGHING—SING

If you can't sing, try anyhow to make a joyful noise

CAMPING WITH THE Y. P. C.

(Tune: "Jingle Bells")

Dashing through the Park
In a Ford or motor car—
You hurry past the freaks so fast
You can't tell what they are.
You see a painted gorge,
A valley filled with steam,
You can't believe the sights you see,
Things can't be what they seem.

Chorus

Honk that horn! Honk that horn!
A camping life for me!
The only way to see the Park
Is with the Y. P. C.
Honk that horn! Honk that horn!
Now give them one-two-three;
What fun to come to Yellowstone,
And stay at the Y. P. C.

They've cabins at the Springs,
At the Geysers too, galore,
At Lake they've little bungalows,
At Canyon, hundreds more.
You'll hear the native slang,
A "Savage" serves you food,
You'll find what "rotten-logging" means,
And learn that you're a dude.

Ora M. Cupps

(Tune: "Pack up Your Troubles")

Pack up your troubles, tho' the weather's damp—
And smile, smile, smile.
Count yourself lucky, here at——Camp
Smile dudes, that's the style;
What's the use of shivering,
It's never worth while—
So pack up your troubles, be a sport tonight,
And smile, dudes, smile.

(Tune: "Marching Thro' Georgia")

Georgia was a Southern girl,
She lived in Tennessee;
She'd never seen a skeeter
And she'd never seen a flea
Sitting in the hammock
On a summer's night in June,
They went marching o'er Georgia.

"Hurrah, hurrah," said the skeeter to the flea,
"Hurrah, hurrah, let's have a jubilee,
You bite her on the ankle,
And I'll bite her on the knee
As we go marching o'er Georgia."

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

'Way down upon de Swanee Ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's where my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's where the old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de Old Folks at home.

Chorus

All de world am sad and dreary,
Ev'ry where I roam
O' darkies how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

LOVES OLD SWEET SONG

Key of F Time 4-4

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mist began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng
Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song;
And in the dusk, where fell the firelight gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream.

Chorus

Time 3-4

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows softly come and go;
Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes love's old song,
Comes love's old sweet song.

SKEETER SONG

There was a little skeeter
 And he wasn't any bigger
 Than the wee, small head of a pin.
 But the bump that he raises
 Just itches like blazes
 And that's where the rub comes in.
 Oh the bump,
 Oh the bump,
 Oh the bump, bump, bump, bump, bump,
 Oh the bump that he raises just itches like blazes
 And that's where the rub comes in.
 They go wild, simply wild, over me,
 They go mad, just as mad as they can be,
 No matter where I'm at, all the skeeters, lean and fat,
 The small ones, the tall ones,
 I scratch them off like that.
 Every night how they fight over me.
 They just run from my neck down to my knee.
 Though I use some salty grease I can never sleep in peace,
 They go wild, simply wild, over me.

SMILE SONG

(Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

It isn't any trouble just to S-M-I-L-E,
 It isn't any trouble just to S-M-I-L-E,
 There isn't any trouble but will vanish like a bubble
 If you only take the trouble just to S-M-I-L-E.

Chorus

- Glory-ory-ory, Halle-luly-uly-ay, etc.
 Glory-ory-ory, Halle-luly-uly-ay, etc.
 There isn't any trouble but will vanish like a bubble
 (Use g.r.i.n. grin, g.i.giggle.ee,
 (Use g.r.i.n grin, g.i.ggle.ee,
 haw.haw.haw.haw.)

REMEMBER

Remember the times we've had here,
 In wonderful Yellowstone;
 Remember the hearty handclasp,
 That we gave you in Yellowstone.

Remember the friends you've made here,
 For they'll be always true;
 Remember our friendly campers,
 And we will remember you.

LI'L LIZA JANE

- 1 I's got a gal and you got none,
 Li'l Liza Jane,
I's got a gal and you got none,
 Li'l Liza Jane.

Chorus

Ohe, Liza, Li'l Liza Jane,
Ohe, Liza, Li'l Liza Jane.

- 2 Come, my love, and marry me, etc.
 I will take good care of thee, etc.
- 3 Liza Jane done come to me, etc.
 Both as happy as can be, etc.
- 4 House and lot in Baltimo', etc.
 Lots of chilluns roun' de do', etc

(Tune: "Smiles")

There are smiles from Indiana,
There are smiles from Idaho,
There are smiles from Maine to California,
There are smiles from north to Mexico;
There are smiles all over this great nation
In whatever states your footsteps fall,
But the smiles that come from——
Are the smiles that are best of all.

A LONG TAILED CAT

(Tune: "A Long, Long Trail")

What a long, long tail our cat's got
And it's all covered with fur,
But it's sure no good to fight with,
And no help to purr;
She can't wag it like a dog does,
Nor gives the bad flies a bat,
Don't laugh or sigh, but tell me why,
There's a tail on a long-tailed cat.

HAM AND EGGS

(Tune: "Tammany" Key of D)

- 1—Leader: Ham and Eggs.
 Echo: Ham and Eggs
 L: I like mine fried good and brown.
 E: I like mine fried upside down.
 L: Ham and Eggs:
 E: Ham and Eggs.
 L: Flip 'em.
 E: Flop 'em.
 L: Flip 'em.
 E: Flop 'em.
 All: Ham and Eggs.
- 2—Leader: Yellowstone.
 Echo: Yellowstone.
 L: We'll go around in a yellow bus.
 E: Sure does save a lot of fuss.
 L: Yellowstone.
 E: Yellowstone.
 L: See it.
 E: Hear it.
 L: See it:
 E: Hear it.
 All: Yellowstone!

OLD KENTUCKY HOME

The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home,
 'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
 The corntop's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
 While the birds make music all the day.
 The younger folks roll on the little cabin floor,
 All merry, all happy and bright;
 Bye and bye "Hard Time" comes a-knocking at the door.
 Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

Chorus

Weep no more, my lady, oh weep no more today,
 We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
 For the old Kentucky home, far away.

OLD BLACK JOE

Gone are the days when my heart was
 Young and gay;
 Gone are my friends
 From the cotton fields away;
 Gone from the earth
 To a better land I know,
 I hear their gentle voices calling,
 "Old Black Joe."
 I'm coming, I'm coming,
 For my head is bending low;
 I hear those gentle voices calling,
 "Old Black Joe."

Stephen C. Foster.

ROUNDS

(Tune: "Are You Sleeping, Brother James?")

Rheumatism, rheumatism,
How it pains, how it pains,
Up and down the system, up and down the system
When it rains, when it rains.

(Tune: Same as above)

Mentholatum, mentholatum,
How it soothes; how it soothes.
When the skeeters bite you,
When the skeeters bite you,
How it soothes; how it soothes.

(Tune: "Row, Row, Row Your Boat")

Rah, Rah, Rah for Camp!
Lift your voice and sing!
Merrily, merrily, merrily,
Make the pine trees ring.

TODAY IS MONDAY

Today is Monday, Today is Monday
Monday Washday, everybody happy,
Well I should say,
Today is Tuesday, Etc.
Tuesday, String Beans
Wednesday Soup
Thursday Roast Beef
Friday Fish
Saturday Pay Day
Sunday Church
Everybody happy, Well I should say.

DIXIE

I wish I was in the land of cotton,
Old times there are not forgotten,
Look away! Look away!
Look away! Dixie Land.
In Dixie Land where I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin'
Look away! Look away!
Look away! Dixie Land.
Then I wish I was in Dixie.
Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,
To live and die in Dixie,
Away, away, away down south in Dixie,
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

I have a dear old daddy
 For whom I daily pray,
 He has such great long whiskers,
 They're always in the way:
 And when we're at the table
 Or in the family group,
 My daddy's great long whiskers
 Get tangled in the soup—
 They're always in the way,
 The cows eat them for hay,
 And mother chews them in her sleep
 And thinks she's chewing shredded wheat;
 They're always in the way,
 They're always in the way,
 They hide the dirt on father's shirt,
 They're always in the way.

- 1—There were three jolly fishermen,
 There were three jolly fishermen;
 Fisher, fisher—men—men—men;
 Fisher, fishermen—men—men.
 There were three jolly fishermen,
 - 2—The first one's name was Abraham (repeat),
 - 3—The second one's name was Isaac, (repeat),
 - 4—The third one's name was Jacob (repeat),
 - 5—They all went down to Jericho, (repeat)
 - 6—They should have gone to Amsterdam (repeat)
 Amster, Amster, Sh! Sh! Sh!
 They should have gone to Amsterdam.
-

'TILL WE MEET AGAIN

Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu,
 When the clouds roll by I'll come to you,
 Then the skies will seem more blue.
 Down in lover's lane, my dearie;
 Wedding bells will ring so merrily,
 Ev'ry tear will be a memory,
 So wait and pray each night for me,
 'Till we meet again.

TAKE ME BACK TO THOSE YELLOWSTONE DAYS

(Written for Convention, 1924)

Oft I recall, dearest of all,
Mem'ries of those happy days;
My heart is yearning, for their returning;
I hear their deep urgent call.

Chorus

Take me back to those dear savage days,
Let me roam down those old mountain trails
I just want to renew,
All those friendships so true,
That were made in that far golden west.
I can picture the campfires bright,
All those wonderful, fair moonlight nights;
I've been waiting so long,
Just to join in that song;
Take me back to those Yellowstone days.

By Mildred Lund, Old Faithful '22 and '28

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

A Flat

Carry me back to old Virginny
There's were the cotton,
And the corn and 'taters grow
There's where the birds warble sweet
In the Springtime;
There's where this old darkey's
Heart does long to go.
There's where I labored so hard for old Massa,
Day after day in the field of yellow corn;
No place on earth do I love more sincerely
Than old Virginny, the place where I was born.

Chorus: Repeat first seven lines.

LET THE REST OF THE WORLD GO BY

With 'some one like you,
A pal good and true,
I'd like to leave it all behind
And go and find
Some place that's known
To God alone,
Just a spot to call our own,
We'll find perfect peace,
Where joys never cease,
Out there beneath a kindly sky,
We'll build a sweet little nest,
Somewhere in the west,
And let the rest of the world go by.

(Tune: "My Maryland")

I love your slender lodge pole pine,
Yellowstone, My Yellowstone.
Your breezes cheer my soul like wine,
Yellowstone, My Yellowstone.
Your sparkling fountains of white steam,
Great dashing rivers, mountain streams,
And myriad pools of emerald green,
Yellowstone, My Yellowstone.

I love your wild birds of the air,
Yellowstone, My Yellowstone.
Four-footed creatures everywhere,
Yellowstone, My Yellowstone.
Your silent, beauteous, starlit nights,
Your cheerful campfires blazing bright.
Oh! Paradise of Heart's-delight,
Yellowstone, My Yellowstone.

I love your lakes where wild life calls,
Yellowstone, My Yellowstone.
Your dancing, misty rainbow falls
Yellowstone, My Yellowstone.
Bright fragrant flowers on every hand,
The wild deer come at my command,
Oh, this is God's great wonderland,
Yellowstone, My Yellowstone.

Minnie J. Hardy, San Diego, California.

A GYMNASTIC RELIEF A flat

(Tune: "Till We Meet Again")

Smile awhile and give your face a rest:
(*All smile*)
Stretch awhile and ease your weary chest.
(*Arms to side*)
Reach your hands up toward the sky
(*Hands up*)
While you watch them with your eye.
(*Heads up*)
Jump awhile and shake a leg there, sir!
(*Jump lively*)
Now step forward, backward—as you were.
(*Step back and forth*)
Then reach right out to someone near,
(*Shake hands with neighbor*)
Shake his hand and smile.
(*All Smile*)

THE RANGER OF THE N. P. S.

(Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

Oh, who's the man who minds the Park and keeps us safe from harm,
Who spans the bears and feeds the deer and keep the geysers warm;
Who is it that we call for when we feel the least alarm?

It's the Ranger of the N. P. S.

(Spoken) Oh, Ranger!

Ranger, Ranger, come and save me,
Ranger, Ranger, come and save me,
Ranger, Ranger, come and save me,
Save me from the big black bear.

He knows about the flowers and he knows about the trees,
He knows about the game and fish, the angleworms and bees,
He knows about the weather, and when the geysers freeze;

He's the Ranger of the N. P. S.

Oh, Ranger!

Ranger, Ranger, bait a fishhook,
Ranger, Ranger, bait a fishhook,
Ranger, Ranger, bait a fishhook,
And show me where to catch a trout.

All day he's on the mountain side a-fightin' forest fire,
And then he'll travel twenty miles to change a lady's tire,
And spend the night a-buildin' trail around a piece of mire,
The Ranger of the N. P. S.

Oh, Ranger!

Ranger, Ranger, where's a geyser?
Ranger, Ranger, where's a geyser?
Ranger, Ranger, where's a geyser?
I want to wash a pair of sox!

He enforces regulations in the summer when it's hot,
He's also here in winter when it's most distinctly not;
He's a rootin', tootin' mountaineer, the toughest of the lot,
The Ranger of the N. P. S.

Oh, Ranger!

Ranger, come and make a drag-out!
Ranger, come and make a drag-out!
Ranger, come and make a drag-out!
I've fallen in the kitchen sink!

So here's to all the Ranger men wherever they may be,
And here's a health to Yellowstone, the land of scenery,
And here's to all good pilgrims who will sing with you and me
To the Rangers of the N. P. S.

Oh, Ranger!

Ranger, Ranger, Ranger, Ranger!
Tell your troubles to the Ranger;
When in doubt go ask a Ranger,
A Ranger of the N. P. S.

JUANITA

Soft o'er the fountain,
 Ling'ring falls the southern moon;
 Far o'er the mountain,
 Breaks the day too soon!
 In thy dark eyes' splendor!
 Where the warm-light loves to dwell,
 Weary looks, yet tender,
 Speak their fond farewell.

Refrain:

Nita! Juanita!
 Ask thy soul if we should part!
 Nita! Juanita!
 Lean thou on my heart.

OLD MacDONALD HAD A FARM

Old MacDonald had a farm,
 E-igh, ee-igh, oh!
 And on this farm he had home chicks,
 E-igh, ee-igh, oh!
 With a chick-chick here, a chick-chick there,
 Here a chick, there a chick,
 Everywhere a chick-chick;
 Old MacDonald had a farm,
 E-igh, ee-igh, oh!
 Continue with ducks (quack-quack), turkey (gobble), pig (hoink-hoink), Fords (rattle-rattle), etc.,
 adding and repeating as indicated in second verse.

AN APPLE PIE MAKER

(Tune: "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean")

My mother's an apple pie maker
 My father, he fiddles for tin,
 My sister scrubs nights for a living,
 Oh, boy! how the money rolls in!

Chorus

Rolls in! rolls in!
 Oh, boy! how the money rolls in, rolls in;
 Rolls in! rolls in!
 Oh, boy! how the money rolls in!

ON MOONLIGHT BAY

(Key of A Flat)

We were sailing along
 On Moonlight Bay;
 We could hear the voices ringing,
 They seemed to say—
 You have stolen her heart—
 "Now don't go 'way,"
 As we sang Love's Old Sweet Song,
 On Moonlight Bay.

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE

I wandered today to the hill, Maggie,
To watch the scenes below;
The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie,
Where we sat in the long, long ago.
The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie,
Where first the daisies sprung;
The old rusty mill is still, Maggie,
Since you and I were young.

Chorus

And now we are aged and gray, Maggie,
The trials of life nearly done,
Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie,
Since you and I were young.

(Dedicated to Aleda Lange Joffe from Missouri)

Happy is the donkey as he eats his bale of hay (repeat)
If you fail to feed him,
You will find it does not pay.
Hee Haw, hee haw, hee haw.

(Tune: (Ach du lieber Augustine))

The more we get together, together, together
The more we get together, the happier we'll be,
For your friends are my friends, and my friends are your friends.
The more we get together, the happier we'll be.

THE GRASSHOPPER

One grasshopper jumped right over the other grasshopper's back
(repeat)
And the other grasshopper jumped right over the other grasshopper's
back;
They were only playing leap frog (repeat)
And the other grasshopper jumped right over the other grasshopper's
back.

Under the spreading chestnut tree,
With my sweetheart on my knee,
Oh! how happy I would be
Under the spreading chestnut tree.

SOLOMON LEVI

My name is Solomon Levi,
And my store's on Salem street;
That's where to buy your coats and vests
And everything else that's neat;
Second handed ulsterettes and overcoats so fine,
For all the boys that trade with me at hundred and forty-nine.
O, Solomon Levi, Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
Poor Solomon Levi, Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la.
Second handed ulsterettes and overcoats so fine,
For all the boys that trade with me at hundred and forty-nine.

THE SPANISH CAVALIER

A Spanish Cavalier stood in his retreat
And on his guitar played a tune, dear;
The music so sweet,
Would oft times repeat
The blessing of my country and you, dear.

Chorus

Oh say, darling, say, when I'm far away,
Sometimes you may think of me, dear;
Bright sunny days will soon fade away,
Remember what I say and be true dear.
I'm off to the war, to the war I must go,
To fight for my country and you, dear.
But if I should fall,
In vain I would call,
The blessing of my country and you, dear.

(Tune: "Sweet Adeline")

Sweet Ivory Soap,
You are the dope,
You clean me so
Like Sapolio;
In all my dreams
Your square face beams,
You're the fragrance of my bath,
Sweet Ivory Soap.

In the land of the Yellowstone,
Mid the mountains where wild flowers bloom;
Happiness lurks in every camp,
And chases away the gloom.
We are dreaming, dreaming of you,
Fondly and true, all the night thru,
We are dreaming, dreaming of you
In the land of the Yellowstone.

LET THE REST OF THE WORLD GO BY

With someone like you,
A dude so good and true,
We'd like to leave this camp behind;
And go and find
Some place that's known
To the girls alone,
Just a rotten log to call our own,
We'll find a little nook, beside a babbling brook
Out there beneath the silence dead
We'll build a big bright fire
Up there a little higher
And let the rest of the dudes go to bed.
Isabel Brigbee

TO THE DUDES

(Medley Tune)

Oh, dudes and dudettes, here's how dye do to you
We'll all be true to you,
Stick like glue to you.
Oh, dudes and dudettes, here's how dye do to you;

We hope you like our camp.
As pillow-punchers we will swear
To treat you all with tender care.
And if you like us, we won't care,
We'll love you all the more.

The dudes come in, the dudes go out;
They're all fine fellows without a doubt.
But the dudes we'd like for the longest stay
Are the dudes we see in the camp today.

Yellowstone,
Yellowstone,
Dear to me,
Memory
Clings to thee.
Love will own
Thee alone,
Yellowstone.

"AFTER THE HONEYMOON"

After the honeymoon
 After the honeymoon
 There's millions of women
 And millions of men
 Who'd give half their lives to be
 Single again,
 After it's Mr. and Mrs.
 Sometimes there's a year between kisses,
 A sweet wedding cake,
 Only gives them an ache
 After the honeymoon.

How do you do, Mr. Dudes,
 How do you do.
 How do you do, Mr. Dudes,
 How do you do.
 We'll make your beds up when you're sleepy,
 Build a fire when you're cold,
 And step out with you evenings,
 If you're not too doggone old.

Now don't you feel downhearted,
 We didn't mean a thing,
 For every young shiek
 We've stepped this week,
 Was too slow for anything.

How do you do, Mrs. Dudes,
 How do you do.
 How do you do, Mrs. Dudes,
 How do you do.
 Now we've seen ladies that are pretty,
 And ladies that are neat
 But when it comes to brains and beauty,
 Say, you've got the whole world beat.
 Your husbands may be handsome,
 They may have money too,
 But I can't see for the life of me
 How they ever got hold of you.

How do you do, Mr. Dudes,
 How do you do.
 How do you do, Mr. Dudes,
 How do you do.
 We'll give you beefsteak when you're hungry,
 And whiskey when you're dry,
 A dollar when you're dead broke
 And a coffin when you die.

SUNG WHILE OLD FAITHFUL PLAYS

(Tune: "Hail to the Orange and Blue of Illinois")

Hail to Old Faithful, she plays every hour,
 Hail to her beauty, hail to her power.
 We love her splendor, so let us sing to her,
 Hail to Old Faithful of Yellowstone.

Mary Caldwell Wedge

Oh, dudes, we sing-a-ling-a-ling,
With all our hearts to you.
We hope there'll be some thing-a-ling-a-ling
That we can do for you.
In Autumn, Winter, Spring-a-ling-a-ling,
And all the whole year thru,
We'll ring-a-ling-a-ling,
And ching-a-ling-a-ling,
And sing-a-ling-a-ling for you.

How do you do, Mr.———, how do you do,
I'll tell the world I am through with you.
Last night you took me rotten-logging,
We stayed out awfully late.
You said you'd be so true to me
Then you had another date.

(Tune: "O My Darling Clementina")

There's a camp up in the mountains with the fir trees all about,
Years ago they named it Faithful; it's the best without a doubt.

Chorus

Cheer for Faithful, cheer for Faithful, she's the finest of them all,
Here we live just like a savage from the Spring until the Fall.

Here they call the porters packrats, they rise early in the morn',
Carry wood and build the fires, keep you comfortable and warm.

Chorus

Then at meal time jolly heavers fill the dudes with food and song,
And the bus boys bring the hots in, often getting orders wrong.

Chorus

We've a jolly bunch of tent girls, who make merry all the day,
Then at noon they meet the busses, greet you with a carol gay.

Chorus

You will find the camps inviting as you journey thru the Park,
But there's none can beat Old Faithful, if you're out just for a lark.

Chorus

Mildred Albert (Kansas).

At Old Faithful, at Old Faithful,
 We feel so wonderful here,
 At Old Faithful, at Old Faithful,
 Our troubles all disappear.
 There is no Camp, no, no Camp
 Can do for us what you've done.
 At Old Faithful, Old Faithful,
 No wonder that we love you.

Do you think that you could love me,
 If you thought that I loved you?
 Could you furnish all the honey,
 For a little honey bee?
 Won't you kiss me, kiss me, kiss me?
 If you can't I'll show you how.
 It's a long time 'till tomorrow,
 Do it now, do it now!

Rocky Mountain Moon, I'm sighing,
 For a love that's on the wane,
 Like a little child I'm crying,
 Crying for the moon again.
 Let me dream my dreams all over,
 Don't let dawning come too soon
 For in your arms I'll stay forever,
 Underneath the Rocky Mountain Moon—some moon.

OLD FAITHFUL GIRLS

Old Faithful girls are we, sir.
 We hope that you'll agree, sir
 This is the best
 Of all the rest
 Of Yellowstone that you will see, sir.
 Now must you rush away, sir?
 We'll help you to be gay, sir.
 And honor bright,
 We'll treat you right
 If you will consent to stay, sir.
Phil McGinley, '27

Gee, you can spot a good Fraternity man
 Tailor made clothes and a cane in his hand.
 He has that jaunty air,
 Attitude "I don't care."
 Gee, but he's debonaire,
 Oh, you Frat man.
 He knows the way to roll a good cigarette,
 He can blow rings of smoke.
 And father thinks it's funny
 Where he spends his money,
 He's a Fraternity, he's a Fraternity, he's a Fraternity man.

Will the men remove their hats?
Will the men remove their hats?
Please, please, please, please,
Will the men remove their hats?

H-E-R-P-I-C-I-D-E spells Herpicide
You put it on your head to make your hair grow, hair grow,
If you don't you'll look just like a scare-crow, scare-crow.
H-E-R-P-I-C-I-D, you see,
First you rub it, then you scrub it,
Then you scrub it, then you rub it
Then there's hair on
The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket
The moss covered bucket that hung
In the evening by the moonlight
You can hear those darkies singing,
In the evening by the moonlight
You can hear those banjos ringing,
How the old folks would enjoy it
They would sit all night and listen,
As they sang in the evening by
There was a farmer had two sons
And these two sons were brothers.
Josephus was the name of one,
Bohunkus was the other's
Now these two sons, they up and died,
And they sure did it well.
Josephus he to heaven went, Bohunkus went to——

H-E-R-P-I-C-I-D spells Herpicide
You put it on your head to make your hair grow, hair grow
If you don't you'll look just like a scare-crow, scare-crow,
H-E-R-P-I-C-I-D, you see,
First you rub it, then you scrub it,
Then you scrub it, then you rub it
Then there's hair again on thee.

On a Yellowstone honeymoon,
In the merry month of June
Together we will wander,
Beneath the mellow moon.
We'll buy a toy balloon
And sail up to the moon,
In the land of geysers and hot springs,
On a Yellowstone honeymoon.

SONG TO THE DUDES

(Tune: "Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl")

Here's to the girl with the big brown eyes
Who uses them for flirting,
Here's to the girl with the big brown eyes
Who uses them for flirting;
Many the skin peel off her nose (repeat),
And outdo the sun in shining.

Here's to the girl who's all dressed up,
Who's all dressed up for vamping,
Here's to the girl who's all dressed up,
Who's all dressed up for vamping,
May the skeeters bite her neck (repeat),
And over her go tramping.

Here's to the girl who's all dressed up,
Who's all dressed for hiking,
Here's to the girl who's all dressed up,
Who's all dressed for hiking,
May she slip and stub her toe (repeat),
And come back home a-crying.

Here's to the girl who gets a kiss
And runs and tells her mother,
Here's to the girl who gets a kiss
And runs and tells her mother,
May she live and die an old maid (repeat),
And never get another.

Here's to the man who goes to bed,
Who goes to bed at seven,
Here's to the man who goes to bed,
Who goes to bed at seven,
May he gain a ton each week (repeat),
And find no room in heaven.

Old Faithful Savages

Goodbye Dudes, Goodbye,
To each dude we will say,
We're glad you're here today
A while with us to stay.
We hope you've enjoyed your vacation,
Perhaps you've found an inspiration.
We wish you'd stay the whole year thru,
But if you can't stay, we'll just say,
Goodbye, Dudes, to you.

ROTTEN LOGGING

Rotten logging, rotten logging,
That's what we do each night;
Strolling along under Yellowstone skies
Whispering secrets and making up lies.
They may all say, to hug and to kiss is a crime,
But as soon as it's dark in Yellowstone Park
It's rotten logging time.

(Tune: "Love's Nest")

At Camp Canyon, there let me stay,
At Camp Canyon, there work and play.
Where the roaring waters make a beautiful scene,
And the sighing pine trees make one's life serene.
At Camp Canyon, I'm never blue,
There is always something to do,
Better than a palace with a gilded dome,
Is Camp Canyon, we call it home.

—Kenneth Loeffler, 1925. Penn. State College.

Keep your eye on the wheel, gear jammer,
Keep your eye on the wheel, gear jammer,
To be sure the girl is fair,
But you need your eyes elsewhere,
Keep your eye on the wheel, gear jammer,

Have a heart, Dude Lady, have a heart!
Have a heart, Dude Lady, have a heart!
Roads are narrow, mountains steep—
Gulches wide, and canyons deep.
Have a heart, Dude Lady, have a heart!

(Tune: "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia")

Carry me back to dear old Canyon,
That's where the savages and dudes all love to go;
That's where we labor so hard for vacation,
That's where we earn all our large amount of dough.
That's where the pack rats are strong, brave and handsome,
That's where the cook is an angel, so they say;
That's where the heavers are merry and gladsome,
That's where each hus boy is handy with his tray.
Carry me back to dear old Canyon,
Back to the camp where the tent girls get no rest;
Back to the camp where the manager is smartest,
Back to Old Canyon, the camp we love the best.

Louise Miller.

You want to wake up in the morning
 By the cascade's mighty roar,
 With the pack rats creepin' in
 While you're sleepin'
 And the tent-girls bangin' at the door.
 You want to stroll down by the camp fire
 When the moon shines from above;
 You'll be coming back to Canyon
 To the camp that we all love.

WAY DOWN IN MY HEART

Way down in my heart
 I've got a feelin' for you
 Dear Canyon, Feelin' for you,
 And when we are far apart,
 My thoughts go stealin' to you,
 Dear Canyon, Stealin' to you
 Bringing visions rare,
 Of your dear Savages true,
 And happy days spent with you
 'Cause I got a sneaky feelin' for you,
 Down in my heart.

(Tune: "There Is a Cow Down on Our Farm")

There is a camp in Yellowstone Park,
 Golly, ain't that queer?
 Where young folks go to have a lark,
 Golly, ain't that queer?
 We work hard from break of day—
 And then at ten we hit the hay—
 No rest for the wicked, so they say—
 Golly, ain't that queer?
 The dudes come thru by tens and scores,
 Golly, ain't that queer?
 Ask a million questions, yes, and more—
 Golly, ain't that queer?
 "How many trees are in the Park?"
 "Do bears eat dudes when they meet 'em in the dark?"
 "Are savages wild?" "Do the woodchucks bark?"
 Golly, ain't that queer?

Marjo Shaw

(Tune: "Peggy O'Neil")

Hearts are glad when canyon camp
 Calls, calling us back.
 Mountain walls and water falls,
 Call, calling us back.
 Laughing rivers and rollicking rills,
 Velvet vistas and echoing hills—
 Sunlight and shadow land—
 Our own dear canyon land—
 Calls, calling us back.

All I want is sociability
 Some one to be sociable with me,
 I'm so very sociable myself,
 I like sociable society.
 I have a sociable temperament,
 Sociable disposition, sociable sentiment,
 I'm just as sociable as sociable can be
 And I've just got to have more sociability—

Canyon Dudes
 Best Yet.

All I want is lovability, etc.

Canyon Rotten Logs
 Best Yet.

All I want is pepibility, etc.

Canyon Savages
 Best Yet.

(Tune: "We've Been Working on the Railroad")

We've been working at the Canyon
 All day and half the night;
 We've been working at the Canyon
 For three meals and an appetite.
 We rise so early in the morning
 To feed you before you start,
 We hope you'll not forget the Canyon
 When we're far apart.

On our Canyon Honey-moon, in the merry month of June;
 Together we will wander, beneath the big full Moon.
 You'll find the world in tune, it's a habit here to spoon;
 In the land of inspiration, on our Canyon Honey-moon.

A ROUND

To the Yellowstone Park we go,
 To the Yellowstone Park we go,
 What care we for Bears we see?
 We'll have a good time we know.

Bess Stone.

(Tune: "By the Light of the Moon")

If you're for Canyon Savages, just come along with me,
By the light of the moon, by the light of the moon;
We'll teach you how to rotten-log, but never how to spoon,
By the bright shining light of the moon.

Chorus

By the light of the moon, by the light of the moon,
By the bright shining light of the silvery moon.
If you're for Canyon Savages, just come along with me,
By the bright shining light of the moon.

Marjo Shaw

(Tune: "Hot Time")

C-C-C Canyon comes to greet you,
You will see-see-see,
How glad we are to meet you.
You'll agree, agree, agree
We know just how to treat you,
So come join us at campfire tonight.

(Tune: "Tipperary")

It's a long, long, way to the CANYON,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to the CANYON,
To the grandest CAMP I know.
Good-bye to Old Faithful,
No more Lake for me;
It's a long, long way up to the CANYON,
But there I long to be.

(Tune: "It's Three o'Clock in the Morning")

It's eight o'clock in the morning!
Why don't you Dudes get up?
We rise at six o'clock yawning,
You sleep like old King Tut!
You miss the beautiful Sun-rise;
May miss your breakfast, too.
If you want hot cakes and coffee—
You see it's up to you!

Mildred Libby

Once there were three
Jolly dudes;
Once there were three
Jolly dudes;
Jolly, jolly du-du-dudes;
Jolly, jolly du-du-dudes;
Once there were three
Jolly dudes;

The first one came from Idaho (repeat),
Ida, Ida, Ho—Ho—Ho! (repeat).
The second one came from Michigan (repeat),
Michi, Michi—gan—gan—gan (repeat).

The third one came from Amsterdam (repeat),
Amster, Amster, sh—sh—sh (repeat).

They all came to Mammoth camp, (repeat)
Mammoth, Mammoth camp, camp, camp, (repeat).

We've got a cow down on our farm;
Golly, ain't that queer;
And she gives milk without alarm,
Golly, ain't that queer.

One day she drank from a
Frozen stream,
Froze her tail like an
Iron beam;
Ever since then she's given
Ice cream;
Golly, ain't that queer!

ROUND (SWEETLY SINGS THE DONKEY)

Take a trip to Mammoth in a yellow bus,
Got to be a good sport, not make any fuss,
Come on, come on, the fun has just begun.
Come on, come on, the fun has just begun.
—Annabel Anderson

(Tune: "Auld Lang Syne")

Oh Dudes you may be stiff and sore
From Uncle Tom's trail
But if you go right in the plunge
'Twill cure without fail
So don't be stiff at Mammoth Camp
So don't be stiff with us
Just show your informality
When you get off the bus.

(Tune: "Dummy Line")

- 1—Across the mountain on a streak of rust
There's something moving in a cloud of dust;
It comes into camp with a wheeze and whine,
Folks climb out, "Say, ain't this fine?"

Chorus

Ridin' on the yellow, on the yellow, yellow, yellow bus,
Rain or shine, I'll make no fuss,
Rain or shine, I'll make no fuss,
Ridin' on the yellow, on the yellow, yellow bus,

Chorus

- 2—A queer looking gal in a knicker suit
Thought she looked so very cute;
Said she, "I never wore these before,"
Said I to her, "Don't wear 'em any more."

Chorus

- 3—The Lord made me and the Lord made you,
The Lord He made the yellow bus, too;
This is true for the Scripture sings
That the Lord He made all flying things.

Chorus

- 4—"Do the hot springs freeze when the weather gets cold?"
"Of course," I said and then I told
How last December Old Putterin' Pete
He fell thru the ice and scalded his feet.

(HI-HO-THE MERRY-O)

I wake up each morning, singing merrily,
Hi-Ho the Merry-O it's Mammoth Camp for me,
I can laugh at troubles
I'm as happy as can be,
Hi-Ho the Merry-O at Mammoth Camp, you see.
The packrats will be there,
The packrats will be there,
Down below where all is woe
The packrats will be there.
The tent girls will be there,
The tent girls will be there,
In heaven above where all is love,
The tent girls will be there.
Just like a rooster I keep crowing
You started something and it's got me going,
Pack up all your troubles
Send them C. O. D.
Hi-Ho the Merry-O it's Mammoth Camp for me!

—Colene Sergeant

LOVING CUP

Sing me a song of Mammoth Camp
Her glories yet untold.
Her savages have yet to tell
What marvels she may hold;
Old Faithful has her wonders
And Canyon may be fine,
But for that loyal fellowship—
It's Mammoth Camp for mine!

—Edythe Faivre.

(Tune: "Do you Come from the East")

Do you come from the Lake
Where the silvery moon does beam,
Do you come from Old Faithful
Where the geysers spout and stream,
Or do you come from the Canyon so grand
There's where they get colored sand,
No we come a trottin'
Where the logs are rotten
Down at Mammoth Camp.

I don't know why I did it,
I let him kiss me twice
I know that I did wrong, but then!
Gee whiz! it was so nice,
And after he proposed he said
The best of friends must part.
Don't ever love a Mammoth man
He'll break your trusting heart.

(Tune: "Silver Threads Among the Gold")

We can never change our natures;
It is quite beyond our reach;
If a girl is born a lemon,
She can never be a peach!

There's a law of compensation,
And this law is what I preach,
You can always squeeze a lemon,
But you never can a peach!

(Tune: "Peggy O'Neil")

If you come to Mammoth camp,
Please feel right at home,
If you know no one, at all,
Please make yourself known;
If you come from a state far away,
If you come from a camp 'cross the way,
You are quite welcome,
We hope you'll come often
And meet your Mammoth Camp friends.

(Tune: "School Days")

Camp days, Camp days
Dear old Mammoth Camp days,
Heaving and packing and tent work too,
Nobody shirks in the task they do,
Fun we have at hikes and fires,
Rotten-logging one always tries.
Wherever we be, our memory
Will be back at Mammoth Camp.

—Judy Radinsky

Underneath the moonlight
I want to hold somebody's hand.
Underneath the moonlight
You'll begin to understand,
Why all the little bee-zes
And all the little bear-zes
They never go in three-zes.
Always go in pairzes
Underneath the moonlight,
I want to hold somebody's
Hold somebody's, hold somebody's hand.

(Tune: "Stay Out of the South")

If you don't like pine trees swaying,
If you don't like geysers playing,
If you don't like lakes of marvelous hue,
Stay out of Yellowstone.
If you don't like Canyon's showing,
If you don't like Hot Springs flowing,
If you don't like mountains set all around,
Stay out of Yellowstone.
At the camps you'll never regret
That wonderful wonderful time,
And I know you'll never forget
Your dreams will shine.
If you don't like tent girls' singing,
If you don't like heavers' slinging,
If you want to miss the time of your life,
Stay out of Yellowstone.

—George Hoffman.

Never take a Lake girl walking,
Never take a Canyon vamp,
Never take an Old Faithful flapper
Nor any one from Roosevelt Camp.
But if you want to go a-walking,
Down some shady little dell,
Always take a Mammoth tent girl
For tent girls don't tell.

—Kay Leytze

(Tune: "Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight")

Hello Dudes, we're going to treat you fine,
Dudes, Oh Dudes, you'll have a dandy time
And when we're through with you we want you all to say
"We had a fine time in your camp today—Hurray-a"

Shout, Oh Shout, and tell us where you're from,
Pitch in Dudes, we'll make this old camp hum,
And when we're through with you, we hope you will say,
"We had a fine time, in your camp today."

My old mother-in-law is dead
She got stuck in a folding bed,
Umbuddy, umbuddy, umbuddy, umbum-bed, bum-bed.
Ever since my mother-in-law's been dead
People come to me, to buy my folding bed,
For they all have mother-in-laws they said
Umbuddy, umbuddy, umbuddy, umbum-bed, bum-bed.

(Tune: "Battle Hymn of Republic")

The Emperor Napoleon had twenty thousand men, (repeat three times)
And they all went marching on.

(Note: The second time sung omit the word "men" substituting a nod of the head. Each succeeding time omit one more word and add another nod—singing the last line complete, each time.)

(Tune: "That's my Weakness Now")

When I came to Yellowstone, I never cared for Yellowstone,
But since I'm in Yellowstone, Why that's my weakness now.
When I came to Mammoth Camp, I never cared for Mammoth Camp
But since I'm in Mammoth Camp, why that's my weakness now.

Chorus: Oh, it's fun, yes it's fun,
And it makes no difference just what state you're from,
For when I came to Yellowstone, I never cared for Yellowstone,
But since I'm in Yellowstone, why that's my weakness now.

I've learned to be a dude, I never cared to be a dude
But since I've become a dude, why that's my weakness now.
We learn to rotten log, I never knew how to rotten log
But now I like to rotten log, and that's my weakness now.
Chorus:

—Annabel Anderson.

(Tune: "Memories")

Memories, memories of Yellowstone so dear,
On the sea of memories we're drifting back each year
Happy days, happy ways,
Days so soon gone by,
We left you for home,
But still you're our own,
In our wonderful memories.

(Tune: "Peggy O'Neill")

If she's pretty, sweet and true,
She's a Mammoth Camp Girl.
If she's gay and jolly too,
She's a Mammoth Camp girl.
Helping you labor and helping you play,
Doing her duty in every way,
Sweet personality, full of rascality,
That's the Mammoth Camp girl.

If she always wears a grin,
She's from Mammoth, you bet,
If she's always out to win,
She's from Mammoth, you bet,
The girls from Mammoth are right up to date,
They get up real early and stay out quite late,
Our Mammoth high-steppers are stuffed with red peppers,
We're from Mammoth, you bet.

—Colene Sergeant.

(Tune: "Turkey in the Straw")

Hello there Dudes, how do you do,
It's been a long time since we've seen you,
Oh we like to see you smile and we like to see you,
Hello there Dudes, how do you do.
We like to meet you,
We like to greet you,
We like to shake hands,
We like to wave hands;
Step right up and say "Hello",
Hello there Dudes, how do you do.
Mammoth camp is—the best.

(Tune: "Wedding Bells are Breaking up that Old Gang of Mine")

Oh the place is growing lonely
That's a pretty certain sign
That the Yellow Bus is breaking up
That Old Gang of Mine—
Oh there's no one in the lobby
And the place is growing sobby
For the Yellow Bus is breaking up
That old Gang of Mine.
There goes Larry, there goes Carrie
Out of Yellowstone,
Soon the rest will leave the Nest
And me here all alone.
Oh there's nothing I can do,
And I'm getting low-down blue
For the Yellow Bus is breaking up
That Old Gang of Mine.

—Richard Baxter.

(Tune: "Old Oaken Bucket")

How dear to my heart are the scenes of Old Mammoth,
When fond recollections present them to view,
The Hot Springs, the Terraces, Everts and Bunson
And every loved spot that we Savages knew.

We worked and we played and we sang in the busses,
We tramped and we rode all the l-i-v-e long day,
And memory turns back to that season at Mammoth,
Wonderful Mammoth, where I'd love to stay.

BEDS

(Tune: "Smiles")

There are beds that make you cozy,
There are beds that make you cold,
There are beds that never make you sleep,
There are beds you lie in hours untold,
There are beds that make you toss and turn in,
There are beds that make you get up late,
But the beds you like to lie and dream in
Are the beds that we Tent girls make.

(Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland")

This is the Camp we love the best—
Roosevelt, our Roosevelt;
The dearest camp in all the West—
Roosevelt, our Roosevelt.
Beyond the Gardner River stream
To where the sulphur waters gleam,
Oh, fair it is as poet's dream—
Roosevelt, our Roosevelt.

JERRY

(Tune: "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly")

Has anybody seen our Jerry,
J—E—R—R—Y.
Has anybody here seen Jerry?
You'll know him—he's so shy;
His nose is long and his tongue is damp,
In a pie eating contest he's the champ.
Has anybody here seen Jerry,
Jerry of the Roosevelt Camp?

(Tune: "Auld Lang Syne")

We're here for fun right from the start,
Pray drop your dignity;
Just laugh and sing with all your heart,
And show your loyalty.

May other places be forgot,
Let this one be the best,
Join in the songs we sing today,
Be happy with the rest.

(Tune: "At Dawning")

Happy days at Roosevelt camp,
I love you,
When the hills lure me to tramp,
I love you;
Hiking, resting, camp-fires all,
Make me want you past recall,
And when evening shadows fall,
I love you, I love you.

ROOSEVELT COWBOY-GIRL SONG

Cowboy-girls are we, from the wilds of Yellowstone;
O'er hill and dale we roam, but not, oh not alone.
Dudes we beguile, for every single time we smile
Hearts are set all in a whirl,
Oh, naughty, naughty, naughty cowboy-girl!

Dudes then beware, not of the wild things you may meet
Near Roosevelt camp, for there are none that can compete
With the cowboy-girl, for every single time we smile
Hearts are set all in a whirl,
You naughty, naughty, naughty cowboy-girl!

ROOSEVELT CAMP SONG

When the moon shines thro' the lonely pines,
And the sleepy world has gone to rest,
I lie a-dreaming, the stars are gleaming,
And there's music so entrancing,
Fireflies are dancing,
To the sweet tune that we love to croon,
That the thrushes sang in June.
Roosevelt, I hear you calling me,
And I'll come back to you soon.

GOODNIGHT SONG OF ROOSEVELT LODGE

Goodnight, we must part,
Gone the sun from the hill, from the dale.
Roosevelt Lodge bids you goodnight,
May we meet again some day.
All is well, safely rest,
Till the sun brings at dawn a new day.
Come again to Roosevelt Lodge,
Goodnight, goodnight, goodnight.

UNDERNEATH THE YELLOWSTONE MOON

(Tune: "Underneath Mellow Moon")

Underneath the Yellowstone Moon,
 Dearest little bride and groom,
 You look, Oh so happy,
 It's a wonderful place to spoon.
 When you have left the Park
 Won't you please come back to us soon,
 Don't forget the Lake Camp,
 Dearest little bride and groom.

(Tune: "Liza Jane")

If you say this camp ain't got no pep—
 You're lying, Jane.
 If you say this camp ain't got no pep—
 You're lying, Jane.
 Oh, you're lyin'—You're lyin', Jane.
 Oh, you're lyin'—You're lyin', Jane.

Here comes the lake with a Hip! hip! hooray!
 Here comes the lake with a Hip! hip! hooray!
 Here comes the lake with a Hip! hip! hooray!
 Neighbor——how do you do.

(Tune: "The Old Gray Mare")

The Lake Camp Dudes they
 Ain't what they used to be—
 Ain't what they used to be—
 Ain't what they used to be;
 The lake Camp Dudes
 Ain't what they used to be—
 Long years ago,
 Long years ago,
 Long years ago.
 The Lake Camp Dudes
 Ain't what they used to be
 Long years ago—Why?
 'Cause the Lake Camp Dudes are
 Better than they used to be—
 Better than they used to be—
 Better than they used to be;
 The Lake Camp Dudes
 Are better than they used to be
 Long years ago!

WELCOME SONG

(Tune: "On Wisconsin")

Welcome dudes, welcome dudes,
Sit right down and eat.
Make yourselves at home and happy,
Each one we're glad to greet,
We're from Lake Camp,
We're from Lake Camp,
And doggone proud of it too;
Is there anything that
We can do for you?

(Tune: "I Want a Girl")

We like the boys, just like the boys
That drive a yellow bus—
They are so fine and the only kind
That make a hit with us.
Good old-fashioned boys that ring true blue;
Fast and speedy boys—we like 'em, too;
We like the boys, just like the boys that
Drive a yellow bus.

(Tune: "I Love a Lassie")

I love a lassie, a bone-y, bone-y lassie;
She's as thin as the paper on the wall,
She's as sweet as the heather,
But her knees they knock together.
She's my Mary, ma' Scotch bluebell.

(Tune: "U-Lee-O")

On the mountain's height, near the lake so bright,
U-lee-o, U-lee-o-lee-u-lee-o;
Near the water's bank stands the Lake Camp,
U-lee-o, U-lee-o-lee-u-lee-o;
In the waters there bloom the lilies fair,
U-lee-o, U-lee-o-lee-u-lee-o;
And with songs so sweet we the dudes do greet,
U-lee-o, U-lee-o, U-lee-o-lee-u-lee-o.

DAY IS DYING IN THE WEST

Key A flat—Time, 6-8

Day is dying in the west;
 Heav'n is touching earth with rest;
 Wait and worship while the night
 Sets her evening lamps alight
 Through all the sky.

Refrain

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts!
 Heav'n and earth are full of Thee;
 Heav'n and earth are praising Thee,
 O Lord Most High!

When forever from our sight
 Pass the stars, the day, the night,
 Lord of angels, on our eyes
 Let eternal morning rise,
 And shadows end!

THE LITTLE BROWN CHURCH IN THE VALE

By Dr. W. S. Pitts

There's a church in the valley by the wildwood—
 No lovelier place in the dale—
 No spot is so dear to my childhood
 As the little brown church in the vale.

Chorus

(Tenor): O come, come, come, come
 (Chorus): Come to the church in the wildwood,
 O come to the church in the vale,
 No spot is so dear to my childhood
 As the little brown church in the vale.

How sweet on a bright Sabbath morning,
 To list to the clear-ringing bell,
 Its tones so sweetly are calling
 O come to the church in the vale.

O BEAUTIFUL FOR SPACIOUS SKIES

Key B flat—Time, 4-4

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet
Whose stern impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty is law!

By the rivers gently flowing,
Illinois, Illinois,
By the prairies verdant growing,
Illinois, Illinois
Comes an echo through the breeze
Passing through the leafy trees,
And its mellow tones are these,
Illinois, Illinois
And its mellow tones are these,
Illinois.

(Tune: "Abide With Me")

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord with me abide!
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER



Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming.
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming.
 And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.

Chorus:

Oh, say does that Star Spangled Banner yet wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

AMERICA

Key of F—Time, 3/4

My country, 'tis of thee,	Our father's God! to Thee,
Sweet land of liberty,	Author of liberty,
Of thee I sing;	To Thee we sing.
Land where my fathers died!	Long may our land be bright
Land of the Pilgrims pride!	With freedom's holy light,
From every mountain side	Protect us by Thy might,
Let freedom ring!	Great God, our King!

Supplementary verses to "America" by Henry Van Dyke.

"I love thine inland seas,	Thy silver Eastern strands
Thy groves of giant trees,	Thy Golden Gate that stands,
Thy rolling plains;	Wide in the west:
Thy river's mighty sweep,	Thy flowery Southland fair,
Thy mystic canyons deep	Thy sweet and crystal air,
Thy mountains wild and steep	O land beyond compare,
All thy domains.	Thee I love best."

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Key of C

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
 He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword,
 His truth is marching on.

Chorus

Glory! Glory Hallelujah! Glory! Glory Hallelujah
 Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps;
 They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
 I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,
 His day is marching on.

CANYON LAND

(Tune: "Beulah Land")

There is a land of charm for me,
Prophetic of the home to be,
The Canyon of the Yellowstone,
As heaven, with beauty all its own.

Chorus

O, Canyon Land, dear Canyon Land,
In thy domain I love to stand,
In view of mountain towering high,
By thine abyss where mysteries lie,
Land of surprise and mighty thrills!
Under thy spell, my spirit fills.

I love to view thy color scheme,
Harmonious as a poet's dream,
Thy beauty has a charm for me,
As is not found on land or sea.

I love thy falls, so bold and free,
Their music thrills and comforts me,
Their evening damp and morning dews,
Their silver spray and rainbow hues.

I love thy river, glad and free,
Singing its way unto the sea,
Though rough the way that it is sent,
Its song e'er says, "I am content."

I love thy mysteries so deep,
Into which I may only peep,
But when I reach that "Better Land,"
E'en thee, with God, I'll understand.

E. Winslow Brown, D. D.

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING

Come, Thou almighty King. Help us Thy name to sing
Help us to praise! Father all glorious, o'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us, Ancient of days!

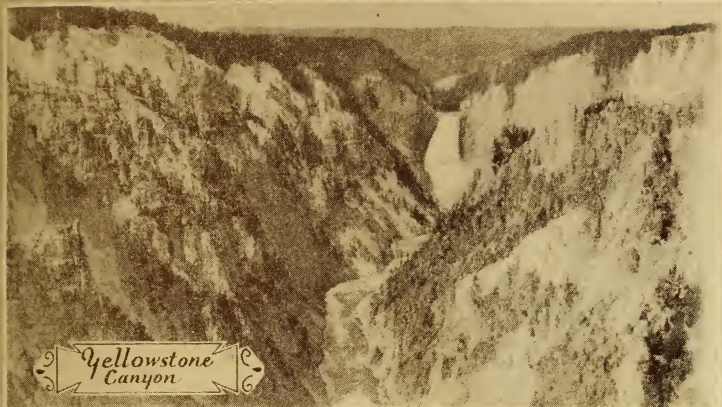
Come, Thou incarnate Word, gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayers attend! Come, and thy people bless, and give Thy
word success:
Spirit of holiness, on us descend!

Come, Holy Comforter, Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour! Thou, who almighty art, now rule in every
heart,
And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of pow'r!

TAPS

Good-night, we must part.
God keep watch o'er us all thru the night.
We shall meet with the morn,
 Goodnight.
Day is done, gone the sun
From the hills, from the woods, from the sky
All is well, safely rest,
 God is nigh.





*Yellowstone
Canyon*



*Tourist Camp
at Mammoth*



Buffalo



YELLOWSTONE LINGO

DUDES—Yellow bus tourists.
SAGEBRUSHERS—Auto camp tourists.
SAVAGES—Camp employees.
HEAVERS—Waitresses.
PACK-RATS—Porters.
PILLOW PUNCHERS—Lodge maids.
WRANGLERS—Horseback guides.
GEAR-JAMMERS—Bus drivers.
PEARL DIVERS—Dish washers.
ROTTEN-LOGGING—Dating.
MOLLIES—Pack carts.